MOTIVATIONS

The walls are waiting.
The walls are not saying anything.

Friendliness with no ulterior motive.

Time and place no longer matters.

Is this a test?

The moss grows underneath my fingers.

The field is now a lake.

First we fix the roof.
And then the windows.

What seems to be the problem?

You're going to end up as a statue.
Every day the same, rain or shine.
Bird shit and traffic.
The occasional tourist.

You spend the weekend gazing at the mirror trying to find an angle where you can see yourself.

The light inside the structure going dark.

And everyone is like ..
"What shall we have for dinner?"

Banal birdsong plays in a dead field.

A man falling off a chair upwards in a room,
twisting in the air before disappearing.

To tell you everything and walk away?

You and I between passers-by.

I don't respond to threats.

Mmm, dunno... what else you got?

An incorrect description of the circumstances leading up to the event.

Someone who takes the light from your world.

The long list of those who have done you wrong.

Some bored people with exciting cocktails.

The this-ness of that-ness.

Thanks for being a clown.
We do need cheering up.

You got lost in your own museum.

We know what you did.

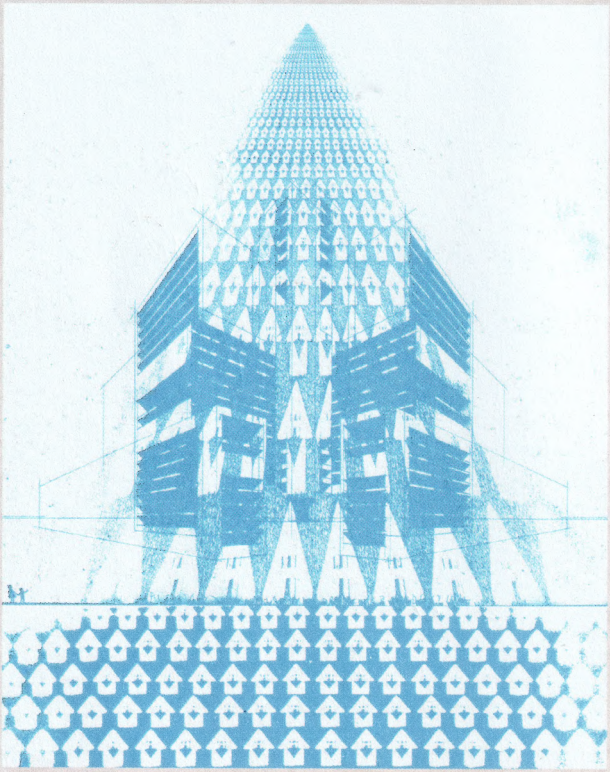
The snake waits under the rock.

That nagging feeling

and then you remember.

Subject becomes object.

Thank you for all your comments,
that is enough for today.



THE MINISTRY FOR ESCAPE AND EVASION